

Contributions

PULPIT ECHOES

The Sympathizing Jesus

We often hear people sing, "The great physician now is near, the *sympathizing* Jesus." And yet I fear there are many who sing these words do not realize that he is the same loving Savior as when he walked the streets of Jerusalem. Standing at the grave of Lazarus, he groaned in spirit as he beheld the sorrowing sisters—Mary and Martha. His heart of sympathy and compassion went out for the widow of Nain as he beheld the pall-bearers carrying out her only son. To those who put their trust in him, he is the same sympathizing Jesus as when on earth in his mortal body, for he said "Lo I am with you always even to the end of the world."

To the penitent, he will take away the burden of sin, and give peace and joy instead. He will break the bands of oppression and set the soul at liberty.

To the sorrowing, he will drive away grief, and give the more abundant grace to endure it. Let us not look upon him as one far away, and turning a deaf ear to our cries. Let us not look upon him as having lost that sympathy and love for his people, and ready to cast them away. But let us rest in his promise "I will never leave nor forsake thee."

S. B. GRISSO.

Bryan, Ohio.

Righteousness Exalteth, Prov. 14:34

Righteousness exalts a man in his own estimation, for the consciousness that he has done what he ought, and that he is what he should be, will sustain him in many a dark hour, while busy tongues wag about him in false accusation. It will exalt him in the estimation of all good men. Brilliancy in conversation or ability along any given line, may fascinate, but these will not win permanent friends. Only a righteous life can do that, and it will exalt him in the estimation of God. Wealth, wit nor wisdom count for anything before him. Only righteousness, a thing made perfect by borrowing of Christ, who adds to ours by our faith and obedience, only this avails before the judgment bar over which he presides.

MARTIN SHIVELY.

The Day of Small Things, Zech. 4:10

It was the day of small things when Israel began to rebuild Jerusalem and the Holy Temple, and also to reconstruct the Jewish community. That small event was the beginning of great things, for the latter house was to be more glorious than the first.

It was a day of small things when first one hundred and twenty simple and unlearned disciples of Jesus assembled in Jerusalem in that upper room, yet out of that small company and her work, has come this mighty and wonderful system of religion that is infusing itself into the entire world's doings.

It was a day of small things when Yale col-

lege had but one student. Now behold her hundreds of students and her mighty power for good. In the same way Harvard University had a very small beginning.

I do not forget the day of small things with our own beloved Ashland college. Ay, we all remember her defeats and struggles and defeats and conflicts again and again. Now we hear the sound of her triumphant college yell and celebration all over the United States. And now, let the preacher shout aloud, *Hurrah! for Ashland College and her teachers and students, God bless her.*

The day of small losses and sins are not to be trifled with. It was a small thing at first, a small leak in the dam, that caused the great disaster at Johnstown. The small fire of a lantern caused the great Chicago conflagration. A small mouse can worry the life out of an elephant. One mouse can stampee a dozen women. A small King-bird can put to flight the hawk. Small losses, multiplied will cause financial failure. Small sins multiplied and developed grow into very destructive ones.

Small things are not to be trifled with. Great things begin small. Jesus promises that his Kingdom shall ultimately absorb all others.

Z. T. LIVENGOD

TRIP TO EUROPE—No. 5

J. M. TOMBAUGH

To go from Ireland to Scotland across the North Channel is only a matter of twenty or thirty miles, but the difference in the conditions which prevail on the opposite sides of the channel is out of all proportion to the distance. I do not mean that the political conditions or the social customs are so different; the difference is in the temperament of the people. One's spirits unavoidably suffer a chill when he first comes in contact with the cold, unemotional, unsympathetic Scotchman. Going from Ireland to Scotland was to me like exchanging the sun-parlor for the gloomy depths of a cave; or rather it was like leaving the nursery after having enjoyed a fine romp with jolly, light-hearted children, and then going into a darkened sick-room to listen to the complainings of some querulous old invalid.

The Scotch take life more seriously—I might say more solemnly—than any other people I ever saw. Not only are they free from levity, but they seem to be absolutely destitute of humor; they even take their pleasures with the air of one discharging an unavoidable duty. I was so impressed with the general air of gloom and heaviness and preternatural gravity which surrounded me every where, that I naturally became anxious to find something bright and cheery as a relief. I thought if there is any sunshine in the national temperament, some glint of it will certainly show thru in the children. So I watched the children playing in the streets; I saw them rolling hoops and playing games, such as children all over the world delight in, but they did it without a trace of the rollicking jollity of the Irish children, or the

boisterous enthusiasm of our own children at home; in fact they played games as tho they were grown up people performing a solemn duty.

The sun shines in Scotland—sometimes at least—but never bright enough or warm enough to thoroughly thaw out a Scotchman and make him amiable and companionable; if he isn't irritable and savage he is taciturn and glum.

Our party reached Glasgow very late at night, and we went at once to the hotel to which our tourist tickets directed us, and for which we had meal and lodging coupons. The door was locked and the house was dark but a vigorous pounding and some calling roused one of the inmates at last, and a head was thrust out from an upstairs window, and some one called down to ask, in no very gentle tone, what we wanted. We very humbly made our wants known, and the answer came back in a high pitched, rasping voice; "Well, you can't come in, the house is full." And then to heap insult upon injury, he added: "And I wouldn't let you in if it wasn't full." We were naturally curious to know why admittance to a public hotel would be denied to a trio of quiet, inoffensive, and very tired and sleepy Americans, and insisted upon the man with the disagreeable voice that he would still further enlighten us. He did so; in a tone which implied that the reason he gave was a proper and conclusive one, he said: "It's after midnight, that's why." It was after midnight—a half hour after perhaps—and the streets were quiet and almost deserted. Fortunately we found one man roaming about the streets, and we induced him to pilot us to another hotel which had not yet closed for the night, and we were told, tho in no very affable way, that we could have rooms.

The next day I almost forgot my dislike of Scotch crustiness in my admiration of the beauty of Scotch scenery. And the scenery of the Highlands is grandly beautiful; nor was it any small satisfaction to us to know that it was our good fortune to see it at its best. The mountain slopes are literally covered with heather, and at the time of our visit it was in full bloom. Miles and miles of purple heather blossoms covered the scrawny nakedness of the mountains, and softened and enriched a landscape which otherwise would have been forbidding and grim.

We got aboard a steamer on the southern end of Loch Lomond quite early in the morning, after a short railroad ride from Glasgow, and sailed north a distance of twenty or twenty five miles to Inversnaid. The lake is quite narrow; the mountains seem to begrudge it room and crowd in upon it from both sides, and the peaks fairly overhang it. Some one said "it is the beauty of a lake to be of no greater width than to allow of the scenery of one of its shores being perfected enjoyed from the other."

Loch Lomond possesses that beauty to an admirable degree; but more delightful than